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E D I T O R

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Intriguing Christmas Decorations

By C. I. Jerabek

Christmas is not only for the children. We grown-ups should have a share in the making this day a pleasure, not only for ourselves, but for our neighbors and other friends, even allowing some gladness for the passer-by. Therefore, let us decorate our homes as gayly as we can.

Let me mention a few of the trees and shrubs which are very decorative for Yuletide purposes, especially for the doors and dinner tables. Sprays, one to two feet long are usually the best, of the Pfitzeriana, Sabin and Torulosa Junipers; the Monterey and Aleppo Pines; *Araucaria excelsa* and *Cryptomeria japonica;* the Monterey and Guadalupe Cypress; the *Magnolia grandiflora* and various kinds of Firehorn.

Roping and Festoons

For making roping or festoons, cut pieces from six to eight inches long and bind them together tightly. If the foliage of your cut twigs is of a sparse nature, then more sprigs must be used to give your roping more body. When it is denser, it is easier to insert other material into it. The type of evergreens for this work as well as for wreaths include the many varieties of Lawson Cypress, Arborvitae; *Juniperus conferta* is especially good; Italian Monterey, Arizona and Funebris Cypress are excellent; the Casuarina, or Beefwood; Lemonade-berry and the well-known California Redwood are all very useful.

No doubt all of us would like some of the true Hollies and some grow the Chinese Holly which does well here. A good substitute is *Mahonia bealei, M. nevini* and *M. aquifolium; Osmanthus ilicifolius* and its variegated varieties; *Prunus* and *Itea ilicifolia;* and the California Scrub Oak, *Quercus dumosa.*

Wreaths

In making wreaths, it is a good idea to combine some kinds of plant material with the greenery. These combinations are what generally make them so attractive. For instance, sprigs of Pyracantha berries; seedpods of the Eucalypti, the red flowering one, *E. ficifolia* and the Bluegum, *E. globulus* being the best. Others are *Raphiolepis ovata, Hakea laurina* and *H. saligna;* the Bottle and Plane trees; the waxen white berries of the Night-blooming Jasmine, *Cestrum nocturnum* and *C. parqui;* the fruits of the *Arbutus unedo* or Strawberrytree, also the dwarf pomegranates; Rose hips are very good, the Ragged Robin producing abundantly.

If you are fortunate enough to have a few twigs of *Laurus nobilis,* Grecian Bay or *Umbellularia californica,* the California-laurel, it will fill your room with its pungent odor and add to your pleasure.

While some people may have sufficient material, others do not have anything suitable, but perhaps a neighbor or friend will gladly share the trimmings from their trees and shrubs. In gathering these, whether your own or your friends, do not break the branches or twist off cones or other seedpods, instead use a sharp cutter to avoid injuring the plants.

It is generally conceded that wire is the best foundation for wreaths. A good substitute would be shoots of the Willow or any other shrubs or trees that produce flexible branches.

After you have made your loop—fifteen inches is about the right size—be sure that you tie it firmly together. It is better to overlap the ends several inches. Stout green string will do to tie your sprigs. Place a few pieces on the frame, holding your spool firmly in your right hand. Wrap it around a few times, now and then pull it tight up under the ends of the twigs. This will keep it from coming apart, with a little patience you will get the knack. After you have made several I am sure you will not care for those poorly made specimens that are often sold in stores during the Christmas season.

Some of you might be surprised what creations can be made out of dry weeds and twigs. For example, a Tumbleweed dipped in washing starch and sprinkled with artificial snow. After it is thoroughly dry, fasten a red candle in the center. This will make a splendid table decoration.

For the mantle, a few bits of old wood, weeds and dried grasses, a daub of varnish here and there, then some artificial snow on the moist spots, will bring forth a real winter effect.

To conclude this brief article, I am quoting a verse from Whittier—

"For somehow, not only at Christmas,
but all the long year through,
The joy that you give to others is the
joy that comes back to you."

Plants With Roots in America

By Marion Mann

As we embark on an era of ever closer and more cordial relations with the sister republics south of our borders it is pleasant to realize how many of the flowering plants that grace our gardens really come to us from Middle America. That their origin is not generally recognized as American is not surprising. They arrived by devious routes. Many came through Europe where they were originally shipped by plant hunters of the XIX Century who combed the world for new and lovely material.

Many of the beautiful and familiar plants in our gardens today date from an era in which it was fashionable to bring together a fine collection of strange plants from all parts of the world, and a goodly number of them had their origins in our neighbor republics. Naturally since they come from tropical regions, most of these plants require special care in those portions of our country which suffer frosts. In California, where many of them can enjoy climatic conditions that suit their growth, they flourish delightfully. Two such plants, both having their origins in the Western Hemisphere and both difficult to raise elsewhere in the United States, are Fuchsia and Heliotrope. City dwellers know only the potted specimen of Fuchsia with small hanging flowers—but under suitable conditions the plant varies from small shrubs to almost tree size. Of Heliotrope, many modern gardeners know only the forms of garden origin with large deep violet but almost scentless flowers. But those who favor the smaller blooms with their delightful scent will be interested to know that they were first sent to the Royal Garden at Paris from the New World.

Morning-glories are another native American flower. One or another species may be found anywhere from Canada down to Brazil but the largest number flourish in tropical regions. The variety known as Heavenly Blue, one of the loveliest grown is said to have its origins in Mexico, according to Bailey's *Standard Cyclopedia of Horticulture* but it is also extremely plentiful in Guatemala.

Costa Rica is the home of the *Solanum wendlandii*. Californians delight in its violet flowers, and are happy to initiate gardeners in the knowledge that all Solanums are not vegetables. Many know that we owe the potato to South America but few are aware that some Solanums grow even handsomer flowers than the potato.

So many of our palms come to us from all over the southern Americas that they are difficult to classify but they range from those which grow in pots to the many varieties that flourish outdoors in warmer climates. Southern California has, of course, a fine collection. Perhaps the most abundant source of Cactus (so beautiful in the amazing structure of the plant itself and bearing, in many species such wonderful flowers) is Mexico, although many varieties cultivated in Europe had their origins in South America.

Other plants, which like cactus are valued for the beauty of the plant form and for the brilliancy of the flowers of many species, are the bromeliads. The plants, which have their origins all along the West Coast countries, looks somewhat like the overgrown top of a Pineapple with variations in the width of the leaves, in the patterns or the coloring, and in the degree of marginal serration. In bloom they are brilliantly colored with large or small blossoms in contrasting colors. In favored climates such as California's they are a good choice for a hobby particularly since, in the proper season one can go off without worrying about who will water them.

Botanists argue about the exact origin of the Tuberose, but the quantities that can be had for a song in Mexico give us a strong hint of their origin. And one has only to see the spectacular displays of Dahlias along the highland roads from Mexico to Ecudor to be reminded that these blossoms that brighten our summer gardens are there wild. The modern Petunia with its innumerable colors, patterns and forms had its origin in a few seeds sent to Glasgow from the Western Hemisphere in 1830. Zinnia and Cosmos come to us principally from Mexico and the Yellow Cosmos, so popular recently was introduced from Mexico too, although it is also native to various places in South America.

Bougainvillea in all its showy beauty, while originally a native of Brazil grows riotously in all these warm climates.

The Peppertree so common in Southern California is the Molle familiar to al reladers of Latin American literature. The tabebuias, handsome, flowering evergreen trees with blossoms that may be white, pink, or clear yellow may be seen in Mexico and all through Middle America.

Wandering-Jew, the hardy little plant that brightens many a dark city window sill, is American in origin and the red form, with the silvery upper surface is said to have crept into Texas from Mexico.

That pot plant which is frequently mistaken for Iris because of a splendid resemblance to that plant, but which is properly called Marica, comes to us from Middle America.

So much effort has been put into the cultivation of the Begonias that their origins have almost been lost in horticultural history. While they are not peculiar to the Western Hemisphere they are obvious to the most casual traveler throughout Middle America and down through the moist west coast of South America.

Latin America is, of course, the orchid lover's paradise. Many varieties grow in glorious profusion in our neighbor countries. Cattleyas are plentiful from Costa Rica through Colombia and Peru.

We could certainly have no pleasanter link with our sister nations than the flowers whose beauty we share. Now that peace makes travel for pleasure a near possibility there could be no more profitable excursion than a trip to the source of some of our lovelier plants. Soon perhaps planes will be carrying us there, or we'll be setting out on a more leisurely cruise with our object to hunt the source of familiar flowers or to bring back and nurture in our own climate those that are still strange to us.

The Inner Light

By Alfred C. Hottes

Poetry is exalted expression. If one's emotions are no stronger than his language he craves no poetry in his life. If you can look at her and are satisfied to say, "I like you" you do not need a love poem. If you can look at a sunset and merely say, "Isn't it grand?" If you can look at a flower and call it "Sweet" or "Pretty," you won't need poems. But in the lives of many of us there comes supreme moments—when we have gazed upon the azure calmness of Lake Louise at sunrise, when a Tigridia opens in our garden, or when some friend greets us. During these moments our language seems perfectly inadequate. It is then that we turn to the poets because they are the masters of expression. The poets live in high places.

George MacDonald once wrote: "We have not enough speech to tell the tenth part of our feelings. Let him who doubts this recall one of his own vain attempts to convey the emotion aroused by a grey cloud passing over a grey stone, by the smell of a Sweet Pea, by a long pennon of striped grass. The man whose poetry is like Nature in that it produces individual, in communicable moods, a sense of elevated, tender, marvelous and evanescent existence, must be a poet indeed."

Ella Cabot continues the thought: "When we feel strongly without power of adequate expression, it may well be because we are just touching the hem of the garment of a new insight. We are right to wait until it comes more within our grasp, but it is in reality true that these visions of the beyond will fade away unless we try more and more to draw them into expression, for it is by the expression of the seemingly inexpressible that advance is made. The very poets who uphold the supremacy of feeling have put into words what no one had imagined could be said, and thus the gropings of one generation brings the next into the sunlight."

Æ (George Russell), the noted Irish poet and agricultural worker, once said, "There are certain people in the world who may not have much money, but they have something better—they have an inner light." You and I seem to know what that means, for if you were not that type you would not be reading these words. With the inner light people feel that it is better to see the hidden beauty that lies around them than it is to desire possessions. Each of us wants to express himself in his home and in his garden. Perhaps you want to make a new kind of cake, and I desire to grow rare and unusual plants, whereas our neighbor builds a trellis with his own hands and according to his own design.

May I say it more simply, perhaps more crudely? If you can tell me why women treasure giraffe-like Geraniums—long bare stems angling upward with a tuft of fluttering leaves at the tip—then I can tell you why my friend married such a homely husband, and why our neighbor has such uncongenial dogs. We never see what we look at. Mary's Geranium was given to her by Aunt Milly. It was a glorious, compact plant with leaves almost covering the pot and with three delicious pink flowers upon it. Mary believes that some day a miracle will happen—shoots will spring forth from each nubby joint of the tortuous stem and the whole plant will be refoliated and billowing with bloom.

Only with the inner light do we see more than we look at.

Deprived of its poetic associations a violet is merely a weed, but clothed in poetry,

"When God cuts holes in Heaven,
The holes the stars look through,
He lets the little scraps fall down
to earth—
The little scraps are you."

Of garden poets Louise Driscoll suits me well. In her poem "Lost Gardens" she uses this expression: "There is a morning when Violets are blue." The prosaic person answers, "They are never true blue, but always purple, white, or yellow."

Don't they ever look true blue? Let me relate this incident:

My early life was spent in the Finger Lakes region of New York State—where hills enfolded a blue lake, where deep glens are cut by cascadills, where the woods were filled with wildflowers. Then I moved to the mid-west where I was located in a region of limestone soil where the plants that grew in the wild were not the woodland dwellers I had treasured from the memories of childhood—Trailing-arbutus, Indianpipes, and Fringed Polygalas. Naturally I looked forward to opportunities of escaping to the hills near Lancaster, Ohio, where the very smell of the woods was the same as home, where the rocky paths seemed familiar beneath my feet. I would often spend weeks longing for an opportunity to roam these hills.

On one such Sunday I had assembled in my car five of my good friends and we were set to visit Old Man's Cave, or Jacob's Ladder, or Kantwell Cliffs. It made no difference which.

One sure way to entertain Tom, Dick, or Carrie is to take them to the movies. They will sit still and behave pretty well. But you have to be very careful when choosing someone to take to the woods, for if you take Aunt Milly she is sure to wear her high heels and cannot walk. If you take Henrietta she insists upon bringing enough food to last a week, with so many dishes and so much silverware that you would believe that she were catering for a wedding. Hal will talk real estate and the world fiasco—blind to the beauty about him. Bertha will surely want to carry home an armful of wildflowers to put in a tin bucket on her front porch to proclaim to the world that she has just come from the woods—a Naturelover.

No, the person you take to the woods with you must know when to talk and when to keep silent, and I thought I had just such a group when we five started out.

As we approached Laurelville Margaret remarked, "Why, we're near my grandmother's. Let's go up and see her." Well, you know how we are when we are the host with our car. We must accede to the wishes of our

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California Holly — Our Outstanding Winter Shrub

By the Editor

Growing wild throughout the state of California is an excellent tree or large shrub known by various names but best called Toyon, or California-holly. Because of its abundance in the neighborhood of Los Angeles, the section now known as Hollywood was so named. Its botanical name is variously given as Heteromeles (pronounced het-er-*om*-e-leez) or Photinia (pronounced fo-*tin*-i-ah).

Our species is *H. arbutifolia* because the foliage resembles that of the Arbutus, or strawberrytree. California-holly grows 15 feet tall, and even 30. In early Spring it bursts into showy bloom on the hillsides. Flowers are white produced in corymbose clusters terminating the shoots, or axillary in the upper leaves. The leaves are alternate, oblong to 4 inches long, sharp-toothed (but not spiny as in Holly), leathery, tapering at the base to a thick stalk. The fruits are bright red and sometimes yellow and persist through the Winter. Naturally, with the plants growing in so many parts of the state, some of them have much larger berries and a better habit of growth. Nurserymen have selected these and though they have not been named, there is great advantage in planting these selected sorts.. Clarke lists variety *chrysocarpa,* the Catalina Yellow Toyon, with yellow berries deepening to gold.

Chinese Photinia, *Heteromeles serrulata,* grows 50 feet tall. The flowers are in larger clusters. The leaves are often 8 inches long, oblong, dark shining above, yellow-green beneath. The young leaves are chocolate and a few of the older leaves at the base of the shoots turn a brilliant red at the end of the year. The fruits are glistening red berries.

USES

The Photinias obviously are excellent for cutting the berries to use in winter decorations. It is an excellent garden tree and even a street tree. For this purpose of course they could be trained to one trunk. Remove the numerous shoots which try to start from the soil, and retain one branch only. Few other shrubs are as beautiful for landscape effects where watering is difficult, but where the soil is adobe and retentive of moisture.

CULTURE

Although the Photinias are extremely drouth resistant they do greatly improve when given a good deep soil and a moderate amount of water. They tolerate 15 degrees. Butterfield mentions that a scab, the one which affects apples and pears is likely to attack the Toyons, so that the berries fail to develop. Spraying in the early Spring months with bordeaux mixture is practiced in the nursery but ammoniated copper compounds will be found satisfactory because they leave no residue to injure the appearance of the foliage and berries. They are also affected by fire blight, the prevalent disease of Apples, Cotoneasters, and other members of the Rose family. Cut back all diseased wood farther than the diseased area. The tools must be disinfected with mercuric chloride (corrosive sublimate) using one to one thousand.

PRUNING

Young trees may need a little shaping or training to a stake to start them into a pleasing form, but the plants must never be excessively pruned. Removing the berries with long branches is a means of pruning and should be sufficient.

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Fancyleaf Caladiums

By John McBlaine, Pennsylvania

I pity, and feel genuinely sorry for, anyone who does not have the pleasure of a beautiful collection of named varieties of Fancy-leaved Caladiums, which, by the way, cost no more than the mixed ones bought indiscriminately. The few simple rules to insure success can be followed by anyone, anywhere.

Do not start Caladiums before May 15 in the latitude of Philadelphia (Ed. note: March is best in San Diego). Water sparingly until the first sprout is up a few inches, just keep from drying out. Use a potting soil from a low spot in the woods or buy humus, mix about two handfuls of bonemeal and one handful of dried commercial manure (cow preferably) as sold by the seed stores. A little bird gravel or sand (not seashore sand) to permit better drainage would help, but it is not imperative if you have loose open soil. I pot mine about May 1, keep them in the basement and bring them to the sun about mid-May with a jardiniere under the pots. When growth starts, they can be forced with water, but there's no use trying to hurry them until the temperature gets up to around 75 degrees or more. The pots are on a flower stand, and are shaded by a brick wall on the west and on the south by an arbor of clematis. They are watered about every two nights.

Caladium plants in the garden are from the southern and western sun, so they have to be planted only about shaded by bushes of Chrysanthemums six inches away from the main stalks. But as both plants thrive on the same kind of soil, it makes an ideal arrangement, especialy if a bird bath is also used and the Caladiums planted around the base of it where they get the water overflow as well as the shade from the bird bath.

Caladiums also come into their best at the very time that biennials like pansies, Sweet William, and Sweet Wivelsfield have passed their peak and good replacements.

Summing it up: Give them plenty of heat to get started, then plenty of water, shade and fertilizer. The soil must be woods earth or humus mixed with a little sand. Wood ashes are a good thing to promote growth after the plants are well up.

From "The Flower Grower."

How the Early Californians Celebrated Christmas

La Noche Buena, or the night before Christmas, was the main fiesta in the life of the early Californian. Neither the fiesta of Guadeloupe, with its fireworks and bonfires; nor Judas Day, when the image of Judas Iscariot was burned with great celebration; nor Mexican Independence Day, with its pomp and excitement; were to be compared to *La Noche Buena* with its glorious pageant, *La Pastorella,* the story of the birth of Christ.

For weeks preparations for the great celebration were made. Parts in the play were taken by the Indians at the missions, by young people from the ranchos and well-to-do families. Each person practiced his part individually, trying to make it better than it had been the year before.

Finally the great day came. The procession marched through the streets singing hymns. The shepherds led the procession dressed in pink and blue and each carried a crook decorated with flowers. They made grimaces and capered about doing comical things to the enjoyment of the children. Following the shepherds, came the angels dressed in long, white robes with wings fastened to their shoulders and with crowns of flowers on their heads.

Then came *El Diablos* in hideous representations of dogs, goats, and tigers. The Old Hermit with his long, white beard followed; he was busily telling his beads.

The procession entered the house of the leading citizen, or the mission and stopped at one end of a long room. The shepherds lay down to sleep and were awakened later by the angels who told about the birth of Christ and how they should follow the great star to His crib. Then the shepherds started on their journey to the manger, travelling through the audience and meeting *El Diablos,* and chasing him away. Next they met the Old Hermit who joined in the procession. One lazy shepherd was unusually the comedy character in the play. He carried on continual arguments with his wife and cut many capers.

When at last they reached the manger—usually at the other end of the room—gifts were given to the Christ Child. Toys, fruits, and *dulces* were generally offered.

The pageant lasted from early evening 'til morning. Often it was enacted twice the same evening and if the audience liked it especially well, it was sent to a neighboring village the next evening.

In every way *La Noche Buena* was a great celebration, originating from the miracle plays of Spain and brought to California from Mexico, was carried on in Santa Barbara from earliest days on up to 1884, when, it is said, it was enacted in the old Lobero Theatre.

(Editor's note: We should like to acknowledge credit for this story but found it among notes obtained from the Santa Barbara Community Christmas Committee.)

A DEVOUT KNIGHT'S PRAYER

(A Legend of the Iris)

There once lived a Knight who was most devout. Unlike his worldly companions he would gather his household for silent prayer. Each could worship in his own way. Unfortunately it must be said that the Knight was more devout than he was learned, so as he knelt he only repeated two words, "Ave Maria," the only words he knew of prayer. The years passed and yet he said his simple words daily. No more, just "Ave Maria." The monk who attended him in his last days was astonished to realize how meagre was the knight's religious knowledge.

The old Knight died, was buried, and his pious followers daily tended his grave. When Spring came they were surprised to see a fleur-de-lis spring from his grave. They looked at the three drooping petals of the flower and seemed to read words. To show an appreciation of the old man's piety, the Virgin Mary had caused each petal to be engraved with the same words as the prayer of the simple knight.

Examine the falls of an Iris and read "Ave Maria" written again and again, sometimes in gold, sometimes in royal purple. At least, every bearded Iris has reticulations which the imaginative mind can interpret to bear these words.—A. C. H.

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The Inner Light

(Continued from page 3)

party and smile sweetly and say, "Of course, we will call on grandmother." But confidentially, what interest would I possibly have in seeing her grandmother? Like a small boy my questions were: Why should I ruin a perfectly good jaunt to Nature by calling on somebody's grandmother? Why should I ruin a month's planning just to be nice? But I smiled and said, "Surely, we can call on your grandmother."

We turned off the main road and onto one deeply bogged in mud. The tires found little traction. Then Margaret suggested that we drive into the creek bed, adding, "We generally do." We ascended the creek bed for a ways until Margaret suggested that we leave the car and walk the remainder of the way. "We always do."

As we climbed the hill, were Violets really blue? Were the birds singing? I do not know, for I thought only of my frustration, of the boredom ahead of me, of my heroic abnegation, and so we plodded through the mud, ever upward.

I looked up and at the top of the hill I saw Grandma silhouetted. Her fingers of both hands were clasped shading her eyes, a seraphic smile spread over her face. When we approached her she enfolded each girl in her arms. "Oh, my sweet, lovely girls!" she said. "You are so lovely, so beautiful, but youth is always so beautiful, so vibrant to me! As I sat here today upon my lawn reading my Bible, lawsy, hear me talk! I haven't had a lawn for years. It's all overgrown with Honeysuckle vines."

"Oh, Gram, it's so fragrant up here," interjected Margaret.

"As I sat here this morning," Grandma repeated, "I thought you'd come. I thought someone would come and see my view. Girls, you know I have been a nurse in my day. I have nursed all sorts of people—rich people and poor people, young people and old people, sad people and happy people—and I have come to one very definite conclusion: There is nothing like independence.

"And so I live up here in my little house—yes, you'd call it a hut, but it's my home and I live here with my view. The possessions I have no one can deprive me of. Many of the most priceless things are mine because I have trained my eyes to see them, my ears to hear them—and I sense them by other powers, too.

"This land is the least of my property. The view of the winding creek is mine to enjoy. A bird sings in my neighbor's field, but it's mine—if I hear it. But I go on talking and you haven't seen my view."

We went to the brow of the hill and there, several hundred feet below us, spread the landscape like a magnificent fairy carpet. Oak buds were coming into leaf and they were pink. The young Poplars were trembling and they were chartreuse green. The mitten-shaped leaves of Sassafras were unfolding and they were chocolate-brown. Indeed, this was "a morning when Violets were blue."

As we stood there gazing upon the valley a member of our party, Alma, an accomplished violinist, seemed saddened by what she saw. She remarked, "Whenever I play my violin I must play Beethoven's thoughts, or Bach's, or someone else's interpretation of the world in which I live. Whenever I play, the curtains are pulled down and lights are turned on, and all I do is express somebody else's reaction—never my own. How I wish I had my violin now! Here I should be able to create my own interpretation of what I see and feel."

And I, too, felt somewhat as she did, for I have frequently tried to interpret this world in which I live with sentiments summoned up for an occasion, but here I stood, perfectly inarticulate, and I had to turn to others' thoughts to bolster up my own emotional reaction. This was a time when all sordid thoughts dropped from our minds, when we actually felt in tune with the universe. This was "a morning when violets were blue" and thoughts which arose in us seemed impossible of expression.

I never wanted to go back to this hilltop near Laurelville because that time I saw with an inner light, and heard what, with today's ears, might be hushed. And as Grandma said, "I sense them by other powers, too" . . . she meant, no doubt, that she saw with an inner light.

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Winter Garden Topics

By E. M. Albright

What Shall I Plant?

Through the Winter months here in San Diego one can play with Mother Earth without the need for galoshes, and weatherproof coats.

Experience has shown, that one may begin with the following:

VEGETABLES: Beets, Broccoli, Brussels Sprouts, Cabbage, Carrots, Cress, Kale, Kohlrabi, Leek, Lettuce, Mustard, Onion seed, Onion sets, Parsley, Parsnips, Peas, Potatoes, Radish, Salsify, Spinach, Swiss Chard, and Turnips.

FLOWERS: In seed bed or open ground sow: Acroclinium, Alyssum, Bartonia, Candytuft, Calendula, California-poppy, Centaurea, Clarkia, African Daisy, Dianthus, Lupine, Mignonette, Nemesia, Nigella, Pansy, Poppy, Winter Sweet Pea, Snapdragon, Schizanthus, Stocks, and the many California wild flowers.

BULBS: Amarylis, Anemone, Calla, Glads, Hyacinth, Ixia, Lilies, Narcissus, Sparaxis, Tulips, Watsonias, and Iris.

Now is also an excellent time to fix up that worn out lawn.

If Mr. J. Citizen is a new arrival in San Diego, he will no doubt be puzzled at the various types of soil one finds here. Really there seems to be as many kinds as there are colors in that old coat of Jacob's, and no doubt his next question will be:

What Shall I Do With My Soil?

How shall I make all these pretty things grow? Back where I came from (Iowa, Indiana, Illinois, or Florida) flowers and trees thrive in that deep rich soil; and we certainly agree.

One of the types of San Diego soil is closely inlaid with rocks, packed tightly together. The most satisfactory way to overcome this situation is the laying on of a deep layer of topsoil. The deeper the better. The layer can be red soil, black soil, or sandy silt. The depth is determined only by the cost. This layer can be mixed with various types of humus, such as brown peat moss, leaf mold, well rotted barnyard manure, steer fertilizer, leached out sawdust shavings, or any other well-rotted compost material. This new layer of soil will be easier to handle, and will be far more satisfactory in every way, over a long period of time.

Another type of soil is one that is brick red, rich in plant food, but difficult to handle. When watered it becomes friable, but sets quickly, and packs very tight, making root crops difficult to expand, as they should do. Correction of this feature can be obtained by the incorporation of humus material, and also with gypsum. Gypsum helps chemically to break down this tightening characteristic. At the same time helps to make more available the plant food which has been locked up in the soil.

The third type is the sandy variety found in the lower areas, and preponderantly in Coronado. Fertilizer and water seem to drop to bottomless wepths, giving almost no benefit to the vegetation needing it.

The idea here is to bring the soil particles closer together. To do so, requires the transporting in of the red type spoken of previously in this article. Mixing this with the light sandy variety, and also layering it over the surface, will change the physical properties of the original soil to the extent that the moisture and fertilizer will give the results looked for. This red soil can be found in the Logan Heights area, also in National City, and Chula Vista.

With these various types in mind, one can easily classify his ground and proceed accordingly.

What Fertilizers Shall I Use?

The various brands of commercial fertilizer are generally composed of a sufficient number of ingredients to insure growth, production, and stamina in most types of plants. It is thus convenient to use any one brand for most of the plants in one's yard. However, acid-loving plants do much better with a type containing a majority of acid elements. Leaf mold also contains acid and is excellent to lay around ferns, Gardenias, Fuchias, and Eamellias.

The one real complaint, from which the above citizen suffers the most is that he does not have the time to spend on his favorite garden plants.

Start talking garden, and one finds

Washington Street Nursery

- - - -

CAMELLIAS

- - - -

Trees, Shrubs, Vines
Bulbs, Annuals and Seeds
For That
Outdoor Living Room

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Tools, Fertilizers
and Sprays

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FALL BEDDING PLANTS

- - - -

Ask "Toni" for
Kate Session Favorites:

Juniperus, var. torulosa
Pleroma, Princess Flower
Bird of Paradise
Agapanthus
French Hydrangeas
Gardenias
Jacaranda Trees
CHOICE VARIETIES OF FUCHSIAS

- - - -

Easy Parking on Dove Street

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510 W. Washington St.
San Diego 3

himself with plenty of company for everyone seems interested.

What Kind of Fruit Trees Can I Plant Here?

The answer is simple. Mister, you can plant most any variety of tree that you may desire. Due to the wide range in temperatures within San Diego, one is enabled to grow successfully trees from many parts of the world. This fact also pertains to varieties of ornamental shrubbery.

Bulbs also cover a large scope of interest for those who love this hobby. San Diego is noted for its high quality Glads and Dahlias, and the same goes for Ranunculus and Anemones, which are grown commercially around Carlsbad and Oceanside.

What Shall I Do About Pests?

With the good things, the bad also come and here we find a myriad of pests to take some of the fun out of our backyards. Some of the means of combating these raiders, are derived from one's own experiences, and many are from commercial sources. Both types have proven successful.

The best advice comes from county agencies, as well as from commercial firms whose personnel have been educated along these lines.

In San Diego, the Horticultural Commissioner's Office is well equipped to give expert information on any matter pertaining to insect pests, and it is hoped that Mr. John Citizen, the gardener, will not let a few little discouragements stop him from enjoying a pastime that is comparable to none.

REYNARD WAY

Camellia Garden

We are proud to display our fine collection of these "Aristocrats of the Garden"

Easy-to-grow shrubs in new and extremely rare varieties will be available this coming season in grafted plants on sturdy understock. We also have a splendid collection of special varieties of camellias that are particularly adapted to San Diego climate.

Visitors Always Welcome

2661 Reynard Way
San Diego

SERISSA—OUTSTANDING SMALL SHRUB

If you are in need of a 2-foot shrub for foundation planting, for a low garden hedge, or for any spot where you can be sure the plants will stay low, choose Serissa. The name is the Latin form of the native name in southeast Asia. *Serissa foetida* is so called because the leaves are odorous (Yes, a little like boiled cabbage when they are crushed). The funnel-shaped, solitary or clustered flowers are pinkish in bud and open white. The flowers are 4-6 lobed, each lobe bluntly 3-lobed. The leaves are opposite, small, glistening, clustered on flowering branches, oval, pointed, generally less than a half inch long. The shrubs are hardy to zero. It likes sun and needs to be pruned several times during the year to keep the plants compact. Generally there is a yellowish or white variegated edge to the leaves on the plants seen in San Diego.

—A. C. H.

The True Face

(A Legend of the Speedwell or Veronica)

Christ was bearing his cross to Calvary. The burden was heavy and great beads of sweat stood on his face. From the crowd came a woman with a napkin and wiped the sweat from his forehead. Legend says that the features of Christ remained on the cloth to reward the woman. *Vera,* true, and *ikonika,* face . . . St. Veronica, she was called because of the act.

Years later some persons noticed a fancied resemblance to the face of Christ in the modest blue Speedwell. So it was known as Veronica.

Miss Pratt says that Speedwell gave the name to the ship which was supposed to have sailed with the Pilgrims to accompany the Mayflower to the New World. For it will be remembered that the Speedwell started but turned back lest it should not be strong enough to weather the sea.

—A. C. H.

ORTHO
Garden Spray Set

FOR MULTI-PURPOSE SPRAYING

EXTRAX *Insect Spray,* GREENOL *Liquid Fungicide* and VOLCK *Oil Spray,* all in one handy package. Use against Aphis, Beetles, Mealybugs, Caterpillars, Red Spider, White Flies, Scale Insects and many other insect pests; *also many Powdery Mildews.*

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Handy compressed pellet bait for use against Cutworms, Grasshoppers, Snails, Slugs and Sowbugs. Quick, clean, easy.

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against many Insect Pests and Plant Diseases on vegetables. Handy pump-duster package. Quick and easy to apply.

"SCRAM" Dog Repellent

keeps dogs away. Protects gardens and other areas from the dog nuisance.

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